by Dylan Horrocks

Pickle

№10

FOR MATURE READERS

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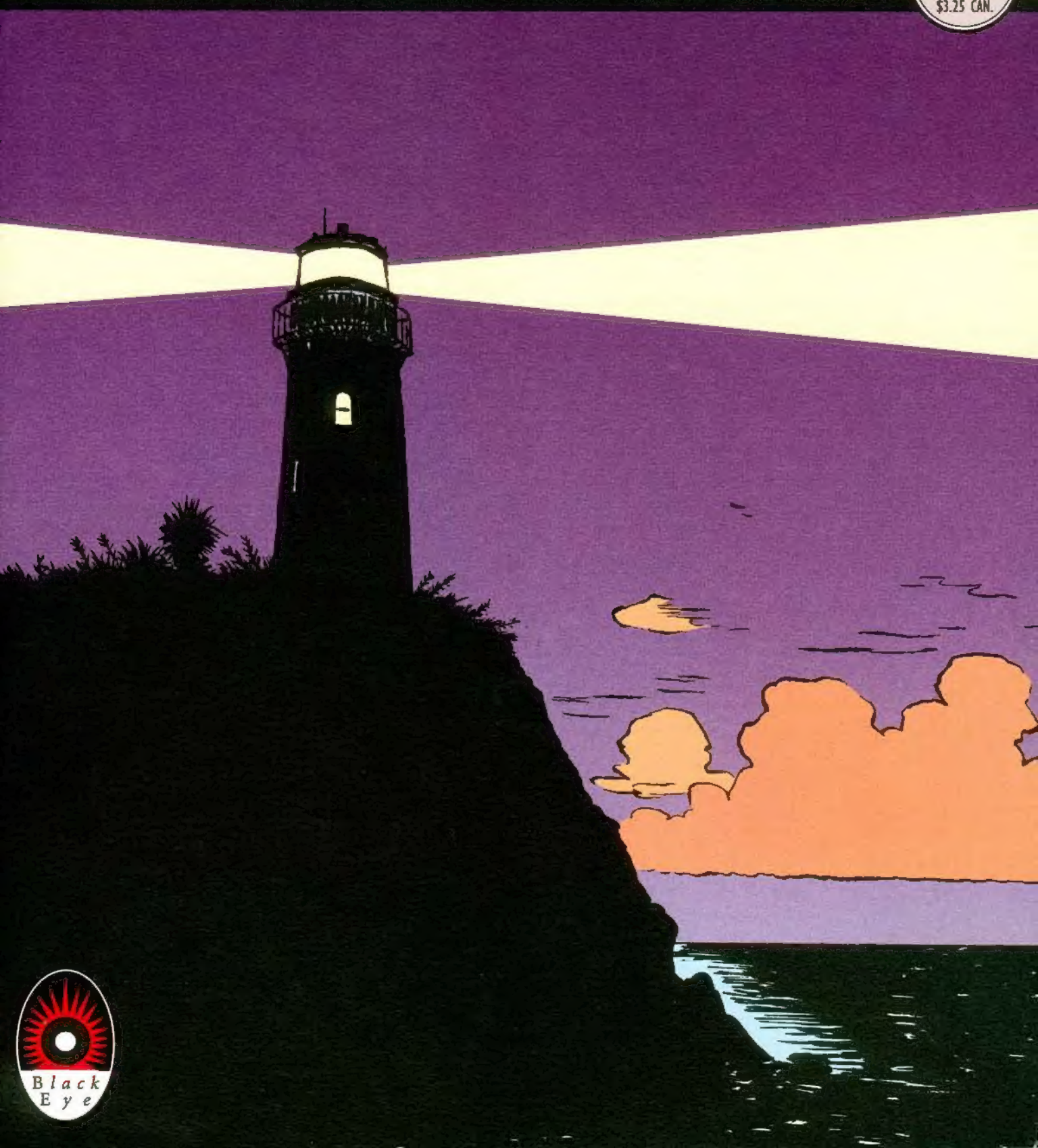

Black Eye

Pickle

Number Ten
December 1996

by Dylan Horrocks
editor Dolan Hicks (mrs.)
publisher Michel Vrána

Publication Design and Cover Colours by Michel Vrána

"Comics will break your heart"
– Jack Kirby

This issue is dedicated to Seth.

With thanks to Alex Fleming and, as always, to Terry for the extra childcare and the creative support.

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Letter from HICKSVILLE

Ah, the sight of the Pacific Ocean spread like an azure carpet before you, as you stand at the railing of Kupe's lighthouse. It's always so refreshing, so inspiring, to see the wide horizon. I hope you enjoy the view as much as I always have.

As I write this, summer is taking hold and the bay is hot and full of golden light. Little Mopani, Danton's daughter, is curled up in a hammock on the porch, lost in a big book of *Captain Marvel* stories. The cicadas are singing, the sky is blue and all seems right with the world.

Except, of course, that this issue our glossary is so huge that I just can't figure out a way to include any letters! For two issues now I've been trying to print some of your much-appreciated correspondence, but to no avail. Ah, well, perhaps next time we should simply publish 24 pages of letters and no comic! Write and tell us what you think of the idea.

Actually, we've had some marvellous responses to issue 9's competition, to see how many comics characters you could name at the Annual Hogan's Alley Day Party. There's still time to enter, but be warned: the competition is pretty stiff. I've been terribly impressed at our readers' extensive knowledge of obscure characters! So just to make things a teeny bit easier, I'll give the late starters a little clue: sorry to disappoint all the Phantom fans among you, but the fellow third from the left in panel 3, page 4, is *not* The Ghost Who Walks, although you'll be pleased to note that the purple-tighted one *does* make an appearance later in the issue.

Well, time for me to parcel all this up and give it to Hyram to 'despatch' to Canada. I do hope you are all well and happy and blessed with a never-ending supply of good comics, nice cakes, and hot tea.

Yours,

Dolan Hicks

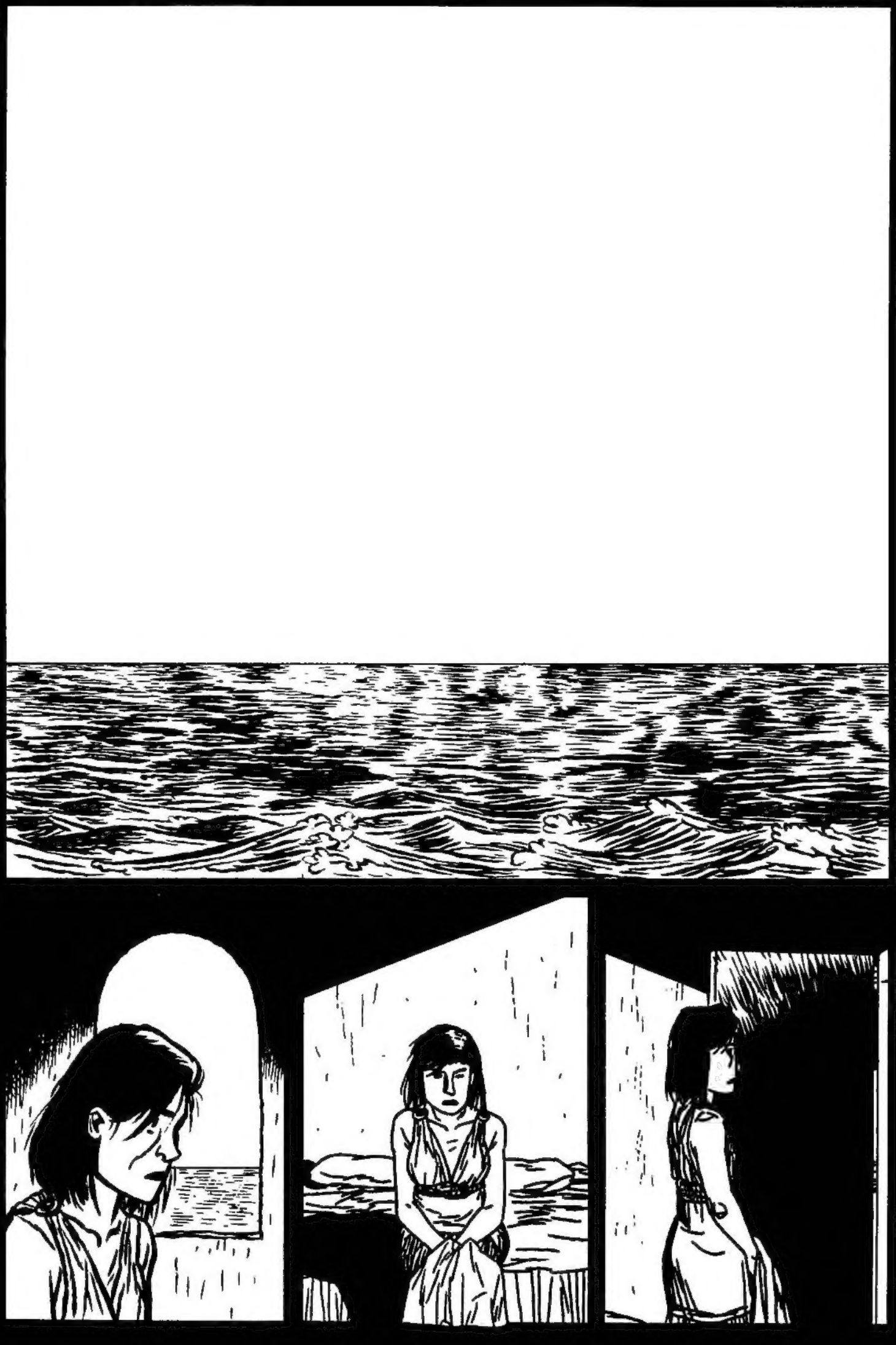
Dolan Hicks (mrs.)

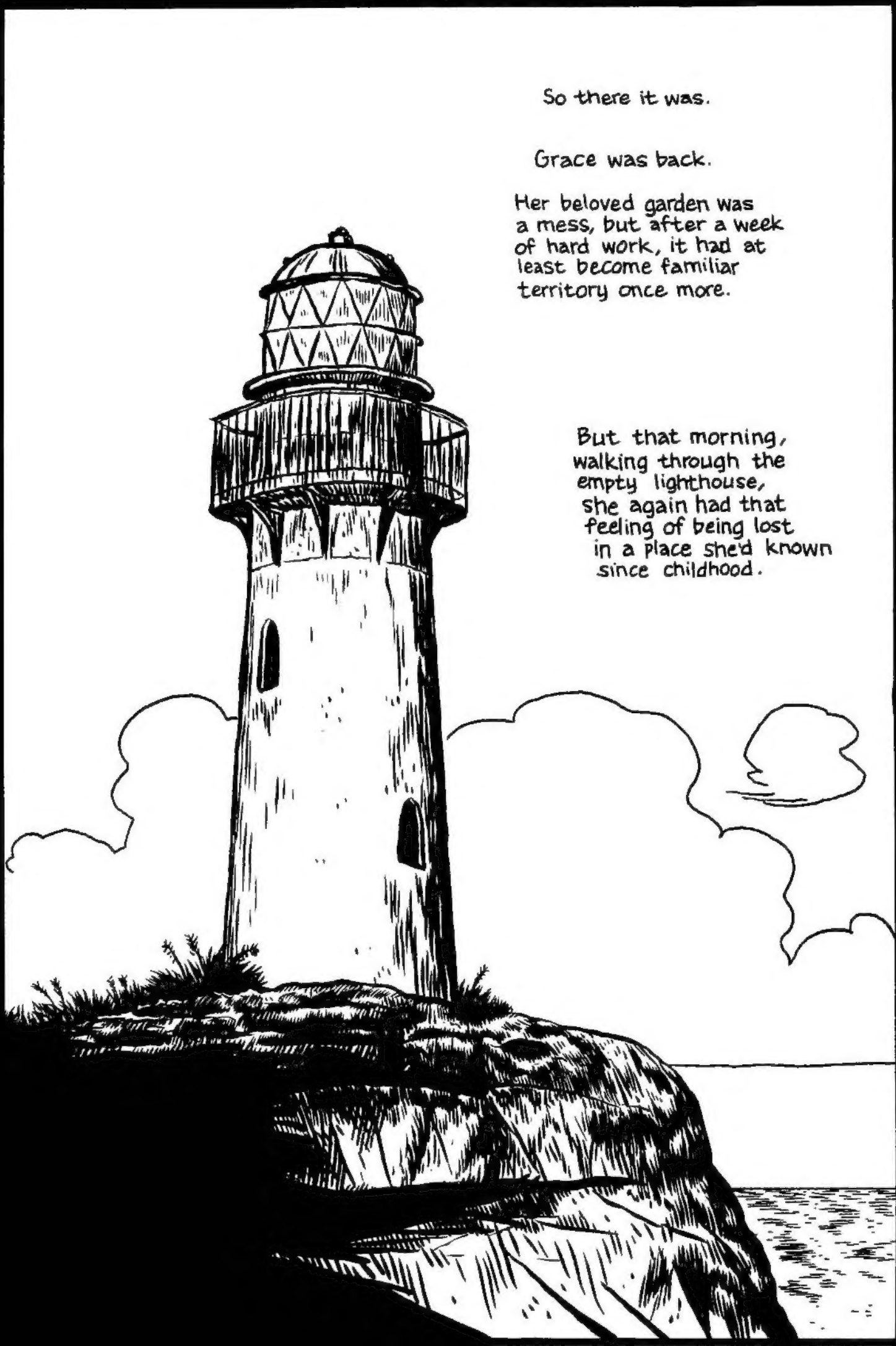
The Story So Far:

Leonard Batts, a comics journalist from *Comics World* magazine in America, is writing a book about world-famous comic creator Dick Burger, who rocketed to success with his first *Captain Tomorrow* graphic novel several years ago. Curious about Burger's early years, Leonard has travelled to Burger's home town: a remote settlement on New Zealand's East Cape called Hicksville.

However, he soon finds that no-one in Hicksville is willing to talk about Burger, with the exception of Mrs. Hicks (proprietor of the Hicksville Bookshop and Lending Library) and Sam Zabel. Sam explains that Burger did something years ago which earned him the hatred of Hicksville's residents. But only one man could tell Leonard what that terrible crime was: Kupe, a recluse who lives in the lighthouse overlooking the bay.

A few nights later it is the annual Hogan's Alley Day party, when everyone in Hicksville dresses up as a comics character. Hoping that if he provokes the locals to anger, one of them might let the secret slip, Leonard arrives dressed as Burger's Captain Tomorrow. But instead he ends up falling off a cliff, in pursuit of three mysterious figures...




So there it was.
Grace was back.
Her beloved garden was a mess, but after a week of hard work, it had at least become familiar territory once more.
But that morning, walking through the empty lighthouse, she again had that feeling of being lost in a place she'd known since childhood.

There was another time she'd come to the lighthouse, looking for Kupe...

Walking barefoot over the cold stone floor

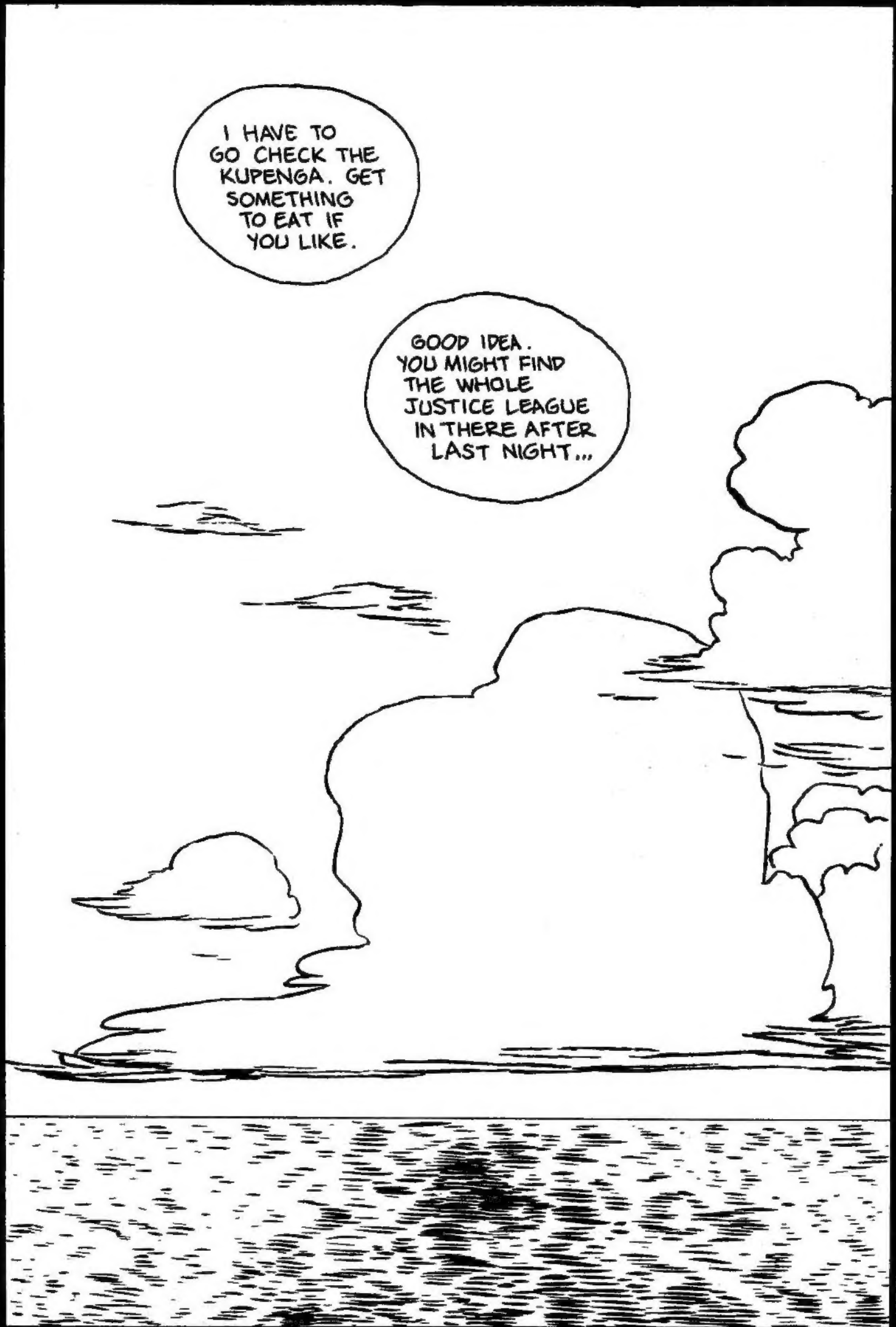
into the dark tunnels

That time, she'd known where to find him

FUCK
FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK! FUCK!
GRACE
GRACE.
I GOT LOST. I COULDN'T FIND YOU ANYWHERE ...
WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME?
I DID CALL YOU.
WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME BY NAME?
I DID.

...
ME HE KOROKORO TUI, eh?
FUCK YOU TOO.
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
I FISHED HIM OUT OF THE WATER LAST NIGHT. HE WAS IN A BAD WAY.
WILL HE BE ALRIGHT?
ONCE HE'S SLEPT IT OFF. HE'S GOT A LOT TO SLEEP OFF.
HE'S A JERK.
RIGHT NOW HE'S BETTER COMPANY THAN YOU ARE.
LITTLE BAT.

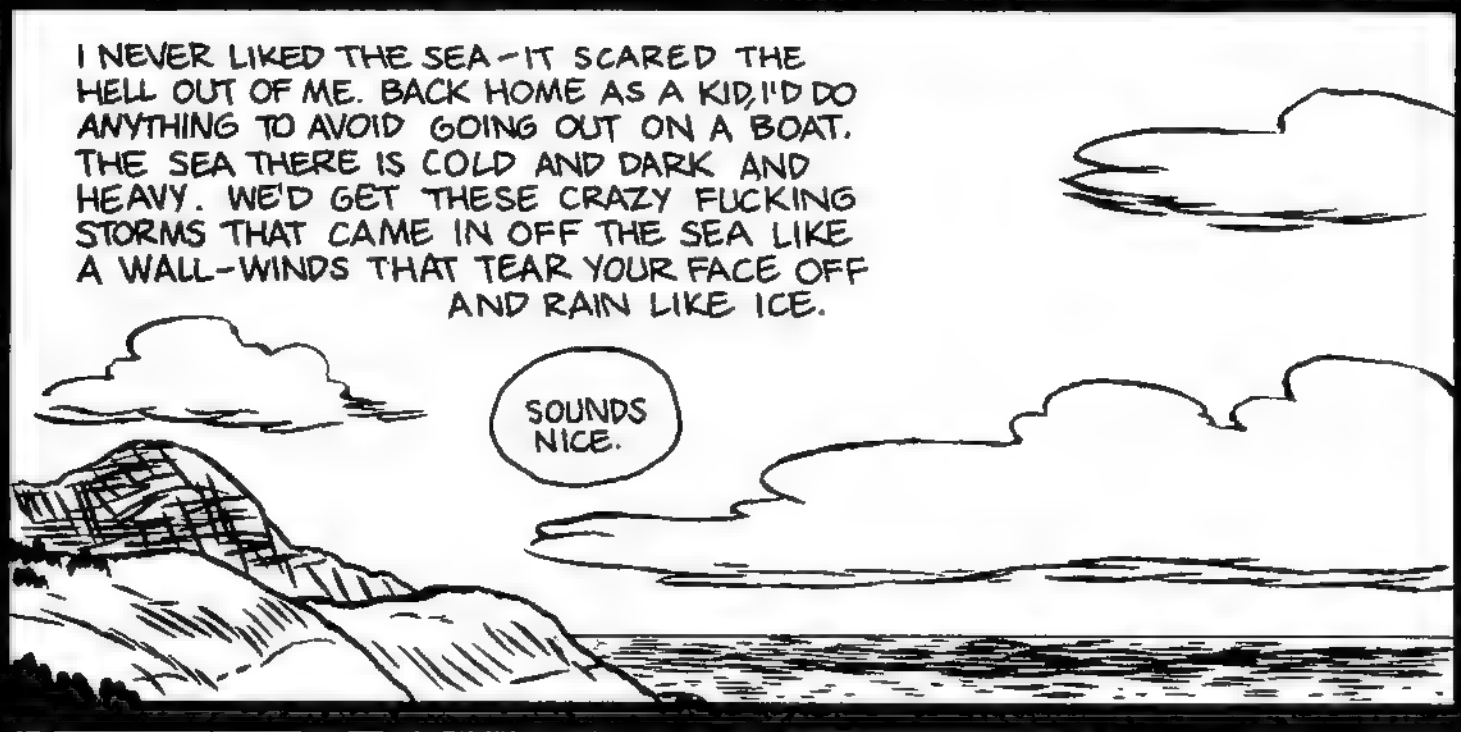
I SLEPT IN YOUR BED LAST NIGHT.
YOU LOOK TIRED.
I LOOK OLD.
OLDER. WILDER. A LITTLE SCARED.
HMM. WELL, YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT.
SURE I HAVE.
I'M SCARED TOO.

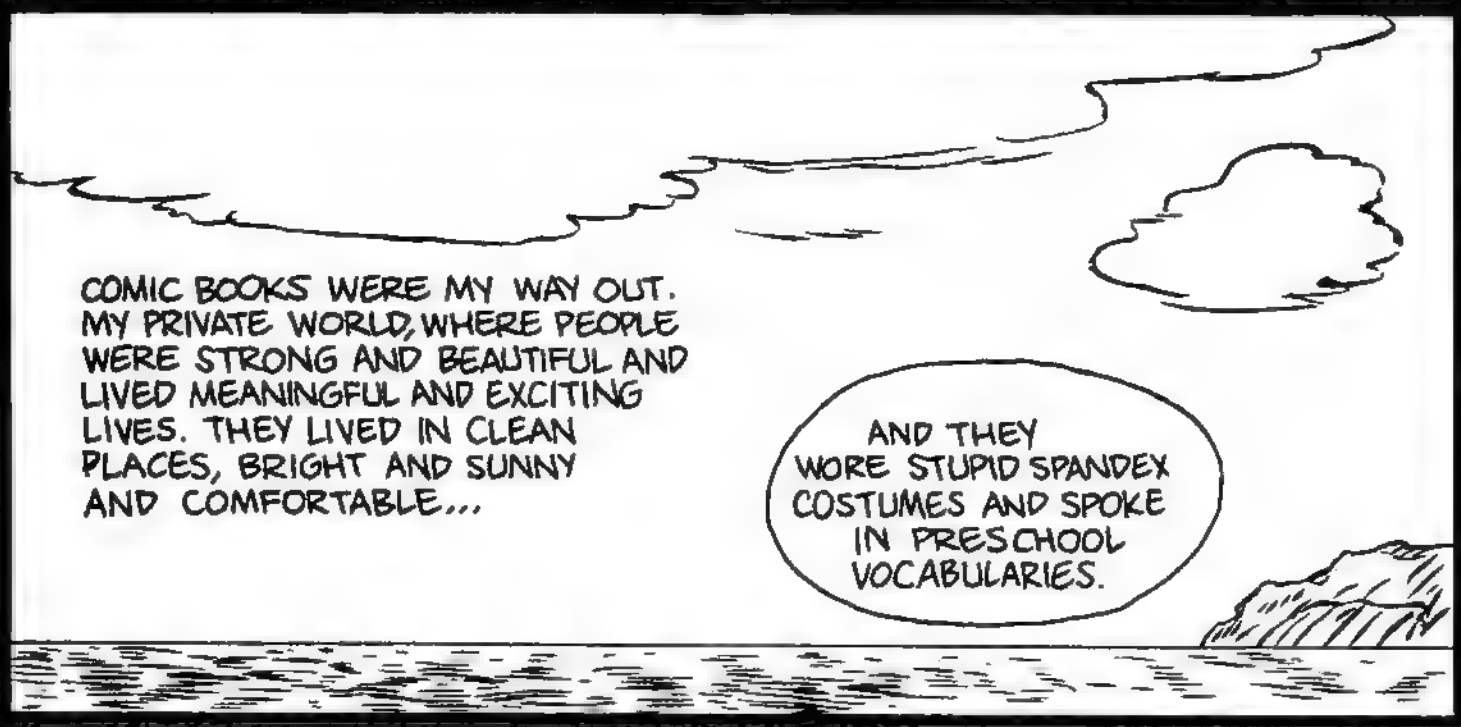

I HAVE TO GO CHECK THE KUPENGA. GET SOMETHING TO EAT IF YOU LIKE.
GOOD IDEA. YOU MIGHT FIND THE WHOLE JUSTICE LEAGUE IN THERE AFTER LAST NIGHT...

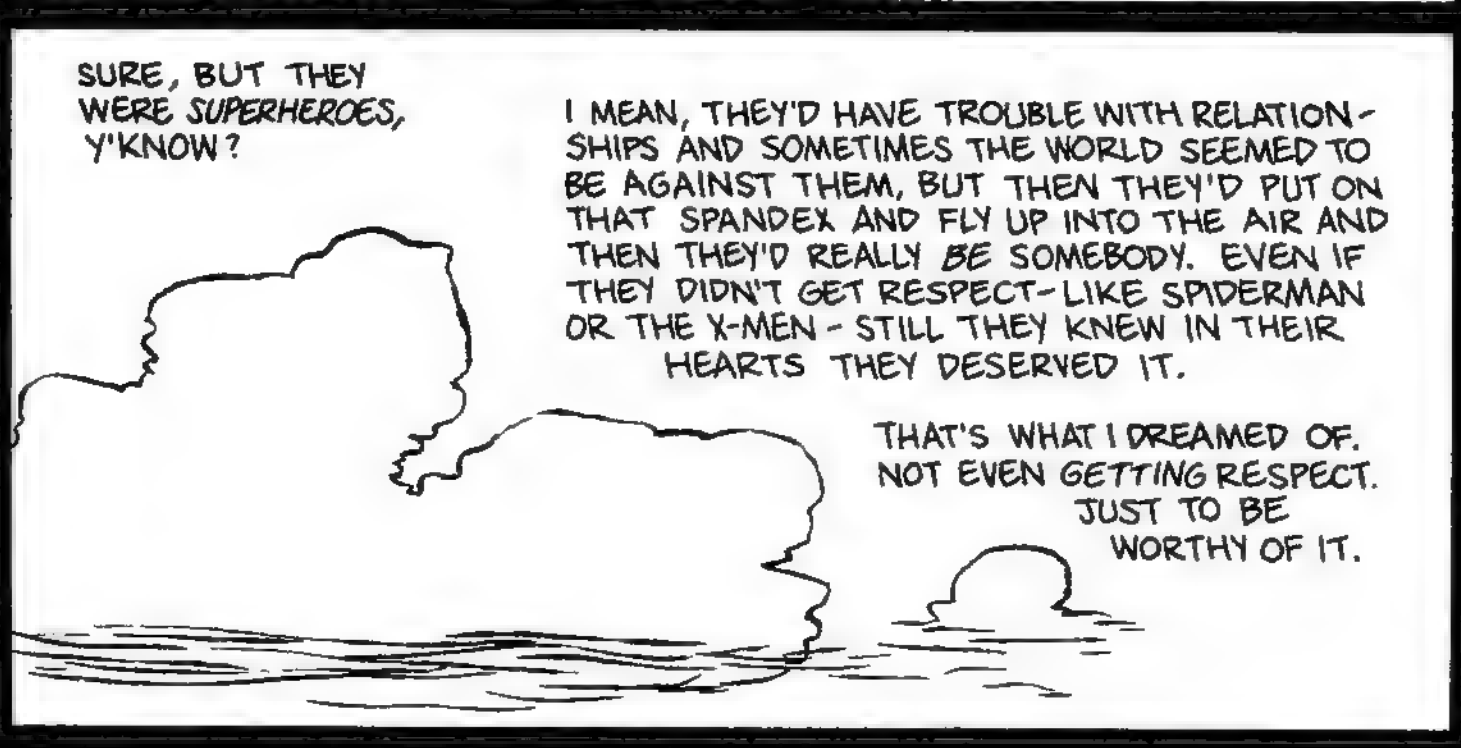
HOW'RE YOU FEELING?
BRUISED. SORE. FEELS LIKE I'VE SWALLOWED A PORCUPINE.
APPARENTLY YOU FELL INTO THE SEA LAST NIGHT.
I DID?!
WHAT HAPPENED? DID HYRAM THROW YOU IN FOR WEARING THAT STUPID COSTUME?
NO, NO, I... I THINK I RAN OFF A CLIFF...
FIGURES. EITHER WAY, YOU DESERVED IT...
...
HUNGRY?

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
KUPE'S.
THE LIGHT-HOUSE?!
UNDER IT. THESE TUNNELS GO FOR MILES, ALL THROUGH THE HEADLAND. 'RUAPEKAPEKA O WHAREKA-HIKA.'
WH-
KOFF KUFFKOFF
KOFF
MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST STAY IN BED. I COULD BRING YOU SOMETHING TO EAT.
NO, NO, I'M OKAY. I'D LIKE TO MEET KUPE.
LISTEN. YOU SHOULD HAVE DROWNED LAST NIGHT. KUPE SAVED YOUR LIFE.
SO DON'T GO BOTHERING HIM WITH THIS DICK BURGER CRAP OF YOURS OR YOU MIGHT END UP BACK IN THE SEA, ALRIGHT?
YOU DON'T LIKE ME, DO YOU?

NO. YOU'RE ARROGANT, YOU'RE A GEEK, YOU'RE FULL OF BULLSHIT AND YOU THINK YOU'RE GOD'S GIFT... YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, BASICALLY.
CANADIAN.
WHAT?
I'M NOT REALLY FROM AMERICA. I'M CANADIAN - A NEWFOUNDLANDER. I JUST SAY I'M FROM L.A. BECAUSE IT'S LESS EMBARRASSING.
COMING FROM CANADA IS EMBARRASSING?
I'M A *NEWFIE*. YOU KNOW *NEWFIE* JOKES?
NO.
HOW CAN YOU TELL A *NEWFIE*'S BEEN USING YOUR WORD-PROCESSOR?
THERE'S LIQUID PAPER ALL OVER THE SCREEN.
HM. THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY.
IT'S A LAUGH A MINUTE IN PLACENTIA BAY.


I NEVER LIKED THE SEA - IT SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME. BACK HOME AS A KID, I'D DO ANYTHING TO AVOID GOING OUT ON A BOAT. THE SEA THERE IS COLD AND DARK AND HEAVY. WE'D GET THESE CRAZY FUCKING STORMS THAT CAME IN OFF THE SEA LIKE A WALL - WINDS THAT TEAR YOUR FACE OFF AND RAIN LIKE ICE.
SOUNDS NICE.


COMIC BOOKS WERE MY WAY OUT. MY PRIVATE WORLD, WHERE PEOPLE WERE STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL AND LIVED MEANINGFUL AND EXCITING LIVES. THEY LIVED IN CLEAN PLACES, BRIGHT AND SUNNY AND COMFORTABLE...
AND THEY WORE STUPID SPANDEX COSTUMES AND SPOKE IN PRESCHOOL VOCABULARIES.


SURE, BUT THEY WERE *SUPERHEROES*, Y'KNOW?
I MEAN, THEY'D HAVE TROUBLE WITH RELATIONSHIPS AND SOMETIMES THE WORLD SEEMED TO BE AGAINST THEM, BUT THEN THEY'D PUT ON THAT SPANDEX AND FLY UP INTO THE AIR AND THEN THEY'D REALLY *BE* SOMEBODY. EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T GET RESPECT - LIKE SPIDERMAN OR THE X-MEN - STILL THEY KNEW IN THEIR HEARTS THEY DESERVED IT.
THAT'S WHAT I DREAMED OF. NOT EVEN *GETTING* RESPECT. JUST TO BE WORTHY OF IT.

WHAT'S WITH THE SELF-DISCLOSURE?
er... I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE IT'S THE NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE... SORRY, THIS IS KIND OF EMBARRASSING.
MM. THAT'S A RELIEF. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE AN AMERICAN THING - YOU KNOW, LIKE OPRAH WINFREY?
I TOLD YOU, I'M CANADIAN. CANADIANS ARE A LITTLE MORE RE-SERVED THAN AMERICANS.
YOU PROBABLY SHOULDN'T BE UP.
HE WAS HUNGRY.
HI. I'M LEONARD BATTS. YOU MUST BE KUPE.
TENA KOE, LEONARD.
I HEAR YOU SAVED MY LIFE.

MAYBE. YOU WERE VERY LUCKY. IF YOU'D HIT THE ROCKS, NOTHING WOULD HAVE SAVED YOU.
WELL THANKS. I OWE YOU.
SIT DOWN. HAVE SOME TEA. LEONARD'S BEEN SHARING HIS INNERMOST FEELINGS.
OH, HELL. THIS REALLY IS EMBARRASSING.
I'LL MAKE SOME DINNER. WE CAN TAKE IT UP TOP AND TALK.
MY FAMILY NEVER REALLY LIKED ME.
THEY WERE ALL BIG AND STRONG AND PHYSICAL. USED TO BE FISHERMEN. THESE DAYS MY BROTHER AND FATHER ARE BOTH UNEMPLOYED. JAKE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME WORKING OUT.
SOON AS I COULD, I GOT OUT OF THERE. TO COLLEGE IN TORONTO AND THEN AN INTERNSHIP AT *COMICS WORLD* IN L.A. BEEN THERE EVER SINCE. COMIC BOOKS WENT FROM MY ESCAPE FROM REALITY TO BEING MY WHOLE WORLD. CONVENTIONS, INTERVIEWS, LAUNCHES, PRESS KITS, PREVIEWS...
MY FIRST BOOK - A HISTORY OF ETERNAL COMICS - MADE ME INTO A *SOMEBODY*. BUT IT WAS THE KIRBY BOOK THAT REALLY MADE IT SEEM LIKE I WAS - Y'KNOW... *THERE*.

IT WAS OKAY, THAT BOOK.
YOU'VE READ IT?
OF COURSE. IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN YOUR ETERNAL BOOK, BUT IT'S STILL FULL OF BULLSHIT.
WHAT IS THIS? EVERY-ONE IN HICKSVILLE'S AN EXPERT ON JACK KIRBY?!
SURE. EXCEPT GRACE... GRACE COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT JACK KIRBY,
I'VE NEVER READ YOUR BOOK, LEONARD. AND I NEVER WILL.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'BULL-SHIT'?
YOU DESCRIBE THE COMICS INDUSTRY LIKE IT WAS A FAN-CLUB - A BUNCH OF PALS DOING WHAT THEY WANT, HAVING A GREAT TIME.
I TALKED ABOUT THE SHODDY TREATMENT KIRBY GOT FROM MARVEL OVER HIS ORIGINAL ART.
SMALL FRY. COMICS ARE A *BUSINESS*. PEOPLE SCREWING OTHER PEOPLE OVER. Y'KNOW, THE ITALIANS HAVE A SAYING: "BEHIND EVERY GREAT FOR-TUNE THERE IS A GREAT CRIME."

HE'S NOTHING SPECIAL - JUST AN AVERAGE JOE TRYING TO KEEP HIS HEAD ABOVE WATER. THEN ONE DAY HE FINDS SOMETHING AND IT GIVES HIM AN INCREDIBLE POWER, ALMOST LIKE A GOD. NOW, IT'S SHEER CHANCE THAT THIS HAS HAPPENED TO *HIM* IN PARTICULAR: IT COULD HAVE BEEN *ANYONE*, BUT LUCKILY IT'S HIM, BECAUSE HE'S BASICALLY A GOOD BLOKE AND HE DECIDES TO USE THIS POWER TO BATTLE EVIL AND HELP PEOPLE OUT.

AND THAT GOES FINE AND HE BECOMES A HERO, RESPECTED AROUND THE WORLD. UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN HIS WORST ENEMY, WHOSE EVIL SCHEMES HE'S FOREVER FOILING, MANAGES TO STEAL HIS POWER. YOU SEE, THIS ENEMY HAS MADE A PACT WITH THESE MYSTICAL BEINGS WHO HELP HIM STEAL THE HERO'S POWER, ON ONE CONDITION: THAT HE USE IT TO DESTROY ALL LIFE ON EARTH. HE AGREES TO THIS BECAUSE HE THINKS HE'LL BE ABLE TO USE THE POWER TO DEFEAT THE MYSTICS AND THUS BE FREED FROM THEIR PACT. BUT HE'S WRONG. THE POWER FILLS HIM WITH A LUST FOR DESTRUCTION AND HE QUICKLY BECOMES THE MYSTICS' WILLING TOOL.

MEANWHILE OUR HERO IS BACK TO BEING AN ORDINARY GUY AGAIN. HE FEARS WHAT HIS ENEMY MIGHT DO, BUT HE'S POWERLESS TO STOP HIM. STILL, HE'S A RESPONSIBLE SORT OF GUY, SO HE FIGURES HE HAS TO TRY.

HE GOES BACK TO THE TINY JUNK SHOP WHERE - TWENTY YEARS EARLIER - A DUSTY OLD ARTEFACT HAD GIVEN HIM THE POWER OF A GOD. AFTER FOLLOWING A LONG AND CONVOLUTED TRAIL, HE MANAGES TO FIND THE ARTEFACT - BUT TO NO AVAIL. THIS TIME IT SEEMS TO CARRY NO POWER.

BUT OUR HERO CANNOT GIVE UP. HE RETRACES HIS OWN STEPS DURING THE YEARS FOLLOWING THAT FIRST VISIT TO THE OLD JUNK SHOP, AND AS THE STORY OF HIS CAREER AS A SUPERHERO UNFOLDS, HE BEGINS TO DISCERN PATTERNS AND NOTICE DETAILS THAT HE HAD PREVIOUSLY TAKEN FOR GRANTED. AND GRADUALLY THE SECRETS OF HIS LOST POWER EMERGE.

ALL THIS TIME HE'S BEING PURSUED BY HIS ENEMIES, BUT HE MANAGES TO STAY ONE STEP AHEAD OF THEM, JUST BY THINKING AHEAD AND ACCEPTING THE HELP OF GOOD PEOPLE. BUT FINALLY, HIS LUCK RUNS OUT. HIS ENEMY FINDS HIM AND HE'S TRAPPED. AS HIS ENEMY PREPARES TO DESTROY HIM, OUR HERO HOLDS THE OLD ARTEFACT BEFORE HIM, AS A FUTILE SHIELD...

THE ENEMY UNLEASHES THE POWER – AND AS IT STRIKES THE ARTEFACT, THERE IS A HUGE, CATACLYSMIC EXPLOSION.

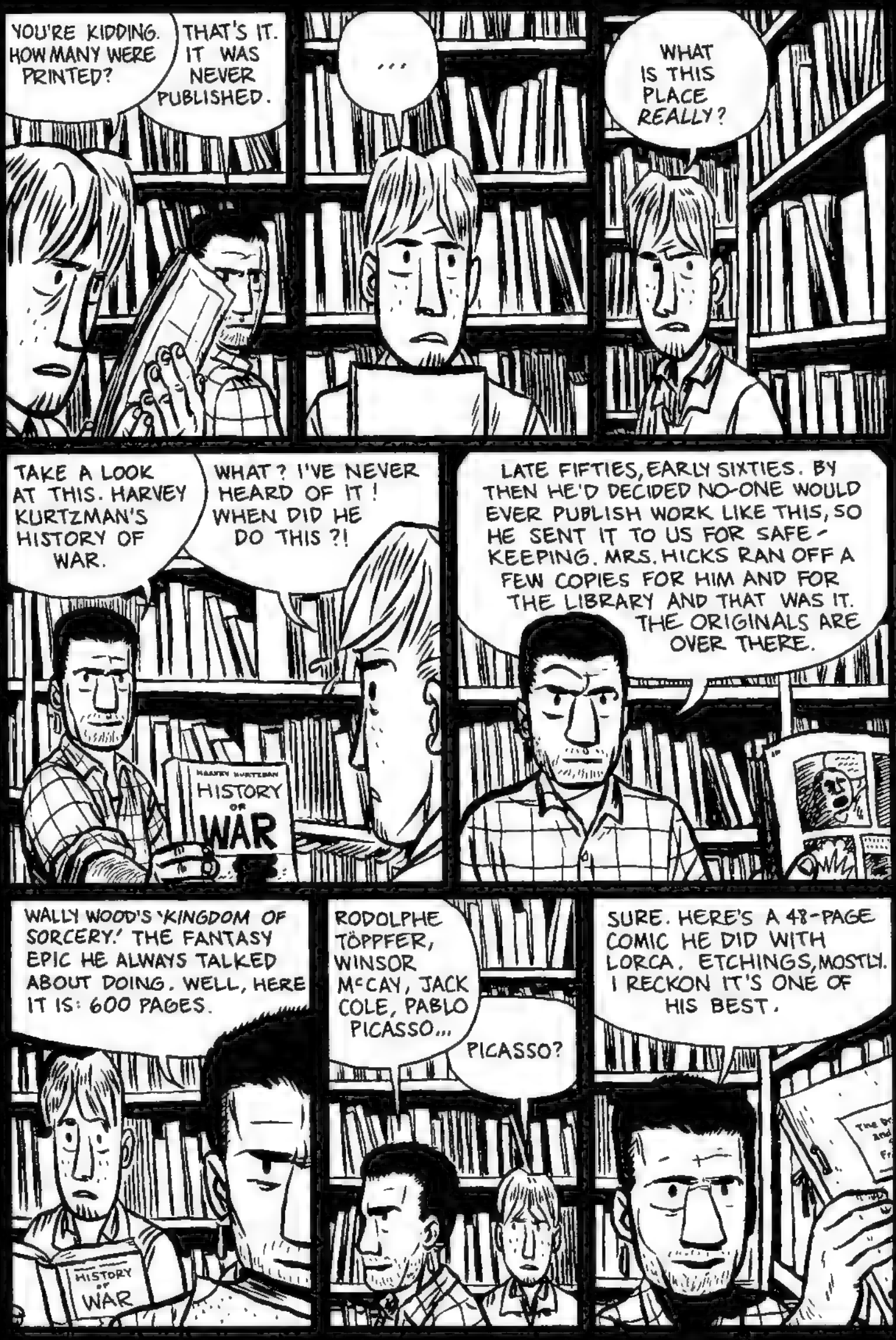
THEN EVERYTHING FALLS QUIET.

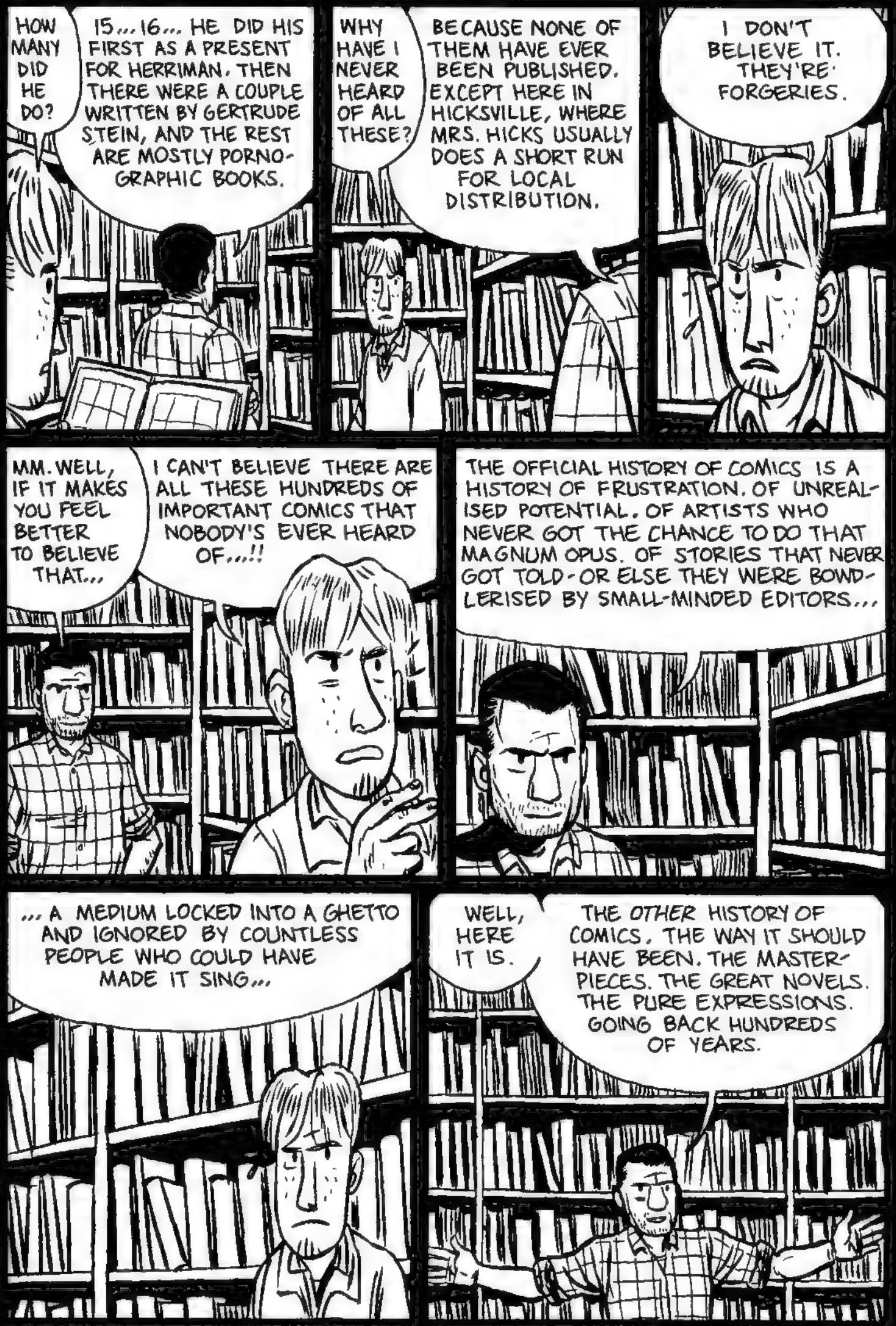
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, OUR HERO AWAKES, AMAZED THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE. HIS ENEMY HAS BEEN KILLED, AND THE POWER SNUFFED OUT FOREVER AFTER DESTROYING ITS OWN SOURCE. THE WORLD HAS BEEN SAVED.

AND SO OUR HERO RETURNS TO HIS ORDINARY LIFE, MORE CONTENTED THAN HE HAS EVER BEEN. HE MARRIES, RAISES CHILDREN, RETIRES, GROWS OLD.

NOW AND THEN, HE MISSES THE DAYS WHEN HE HAD THE POWER OF A GOD. BUT FOR THE MOST PART, HE'S HAPPY WITH HIS LIFE.

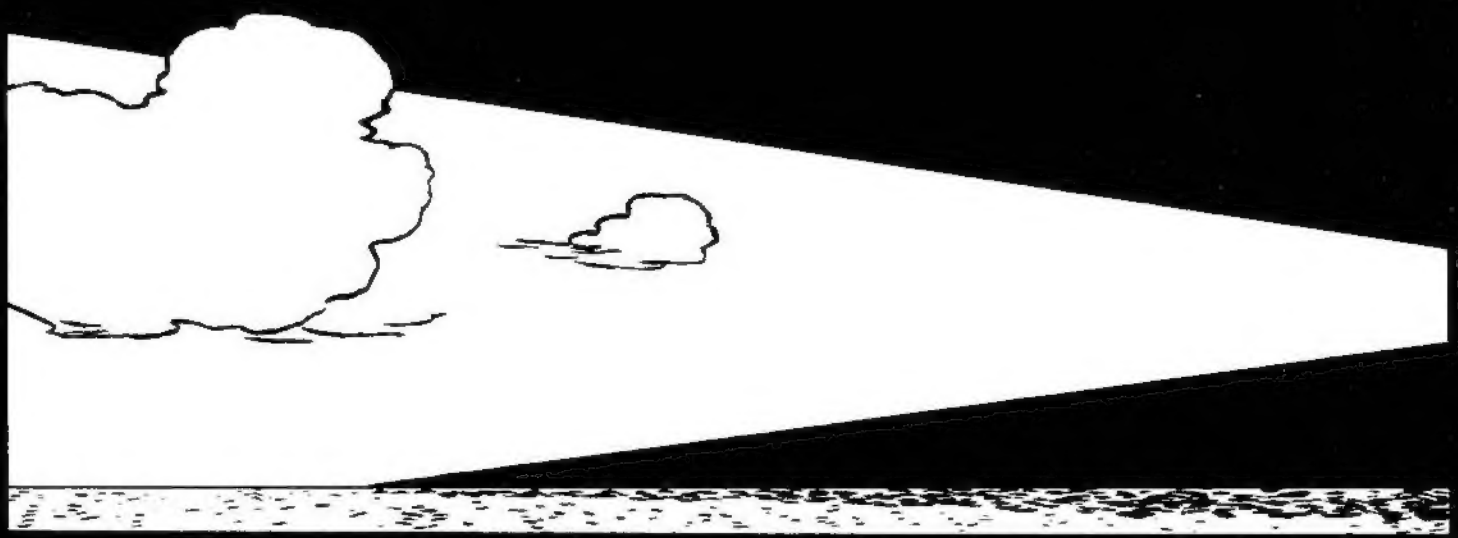
THAT'S 'CAPTAIN TOMORROW: REBIRTH'— THE GRAPHIC NOVEL THAT MADE DICK BURGER FAMOUS!
BUT YOU GOT THE ENDING WRONG. HE GETS HIS POWERS BACK. AND THE NULLIFIER SURVIVES...
COME WITH ME.
MY GOD... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
THE LIBRARY.
THEY'RE ALL COMICS!
JESUS! JACOB KURTZBERG! THIS MUST BE 58 YEARS OLD! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!
NO. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE. THAT'S THE ONLY COPY.
TOUGH GUY


YOU'RE KIDDING. HOW MANY WERE PRINTED?
THAT'S IT. IT WAS NEVER PUBLISHED.
...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE *REALLY*?
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. HARVEY KURTZMAN'S HISTORY OF WAR.
WHAT? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT! WHEN DID HE DO THIS?!
HARVEY KURTZMAN
HISTORY OF WAR
LATE FIFTIES, EARLY SIXTIES. BY THEN HE'D DECIDED NO-ONE WOULD EVER PUBLISH WORK LIKE THIS, SO HE SENT IT TO US FOR SAFE-KEEPING. MRS. HICKS RAN OFF A FEW COPIES FOR HIM AND FOR THE LIBRARY AND THAT WAS IT. THE ORIGINALS ARE OVER THERE.
WALLY WOOD'S 'KINGDOM OF SORCERY.' THE FANTASY EPIC HE ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT DOING. WELL, HERE IT IS: 600 PAGES.
HISTORY OF WAR
RODOLPHE TÖPFFER, WINSOR McCAY, JACK COLE, PABLO PICASSO...
PICASSO?
SURE. HERE'S A 48-PAGE COMIC HE DID WITH LORCA. ETCHINGS, MOSTLY. I RECKON IT'S ONE OF HIS BEST.


HOW MANY DID HE DO?
15...16... HE DID HIS FIRST AS A PRESENT FOR HERRIMAN. THEN THERE WERE A COUPLE WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE STEIN, AND THE REST ARE MOSTLY PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKS.
WHY HAVE I NEVER HEARD OF ALL THESE?
BECAUSE NONE OF THEM HAVE EVER BEEN PUBLISHED. EXCEPT HERE IN HICKSVILLE, WHERE MRS. HICKS USUALLY DOES A SHORT RUN FOR LOCAL DISTRIBUTION.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. THEY'RE FORGERIES.
MM. WELL, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER TO BELIEVE THAT...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THERE ARE ALL THESE HUNDREDS OF IMPORTANT COMICS THAT NOBODY'S EVER HEARD OF...!!
THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF COMICS IS A HISTORY OF FRUSTRATION. OF UNREALISED POTENTIAL. OF ARTISTS WHO NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO DO THAT MAGNUM OPUS. OF STORIES THAT NEVER GOT TOLD - OR ELSE THEY WERE BOWDLERISED BY SMALL-MINDED EDITORS...
... A MEDIUM LOCKED INTO A GHETTO AND IGNORED BY COUNTLESS PEOPLE WHO COULD HAVE MADE IT SING...
WELL, HERE IT IS.
THE *OTHER* HISTORY OF COMICS. THE WAY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. THE MASTERPIECES. THE GREAT NOVELS. THE PURE EXPRESSIONS. GOING BACK HUNDREDS OF YEARS.

I-I FEEL SICK. I NEED TO SIT DOWN.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU WERE DROWNING 24 HOURS AGO.
I'M DROWNING NOW. WHY HAVE YOU KEPT THIS A SECRET? YOU COULD BE A MILLIONAIRE JUST BY PUBLISHING *HALF* OF THIS STUFF.
IT'S TAPU.
WHAT?
THIS LIBRARY IS TAPU. IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN. THESE WORKS ARE *TAONGA*. THEY BELONG TO THE TI PUNA.
CARTOONISTS HAVE BEEN COMING HERE FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS. THIS IS THEIR BIRTHRIGHT – THOSE THAT HAVE EARNED IT USUALLY FIND THEIR WAY HERE.
FUCKING JESUS.
HERE.
WHAT'S THIS?
'*CAPTAIN TOMORROW: REBIRTH.*' BY MORT MOLSON.

...
1973. FIVE YEARS BEFORE HE DIED. HIS LAST TESTAMENT, I GUESS. YOU ALREADY KNOW THE STORY.
OH MY GOD.
AS YOU CAN SEE, DICK REWORKED THE ENDING TO ALLOW FOR A SEQUEL. AND HE REDREW IT IN AN EIGHTIES STYLE.
HE STOLE IT. HE FUCKING STOLE IT.
DICK ALWAYS LOVED THAT BOOK. HE MUST HAVE READ IT A THOUSAND TIMES...
WHY DID HE DO IT..?
...ONLY HE COULD ANSWER THAT. HE LEFT FOR AMERICA-YEARS AGO. I DIDN'T DISCOVER THE ORIGINAL WAS MISSING UNTIL A FEW MONTHS LATER. BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE, OF COURSE...
SO... THAT'S WHY EVERYONE HERE HATES HIM.
I DON'T HATE HIM. I PITY HIM. HE VIOLATED THE TAPU.



Glossary

Aotearoa: Maori name for New Zealand, 'Land of the long white cloud'.

Jack Cole: (1914-1958) Cartoonist, known for his manic inventiveness and practical jokes, who reportedly wept when other artists were assigned to draw his creation Plastic Man. He inexplicably took his own life at the pinnacle of his own career.

Eternal Comics: Publisher of *Captain Tomorrow*, now owned by Dick Burger.

Hicksville: Town near Hick's Bay on the East Cape, New Zealand.

Jack "The King" Kirby: (1917-1994: born Jacob Kurtzberg) Cartoonist credited by many with the success of Marvel Comics in the sixties and the creation of many famous characters like Captain America, the Hulk, etc. In the 1980's a controversy erupted over Marvel withholding his original artwork.

Kupe: (pronounced 'Koo-pay') According to some oral traditions, the original Kupe was the first Maori explorer (from the ancestral homelands of Hawaiki) to discover Aotearoa.

Kupenga: Nets.

Harvey Kurtzman: (1924-1993) Cartoonist; creator of *Mad*, *Frontline Combat*, and *Two-Fisted Tales*, among others.

Frederico Garcia Lorca: (1899-1936) Spanish poet and dramatist, executed by fascists during the Spanish Civil War.

Winsor McCay: (1871-1934) Cartoonist, creator of *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, *Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. Also a pioneer film animator.

'Me he korokoro tui': "The throat of a tui" – Maori proverb used to describe one who speaks beautifully. The tui is a native bird.

Mort Molson: (1916-1978) Cartoonist, creator of Captain Tomorrow.

The Nullifier: Captain Tomorrow's nemesis.

Pekapeka: Native bat of New Zealand.

Pablo Picasso: (1881-1973) Spanish painter and fan of George Herriman's newspaper strip *Krazy Kat* (1913-1944)

Plancentia Bay: Bay in Newfoundland, Canada.

Ruapekapeka o Wharekahika: "The Bat's Nest at Wharekahika" – Wharekahika is the Maori name for Hick's Bay.

Gertrude Stein: (1874-1946) American-born poet, who, with partner Alice B. Toklas, hosted legendary parties for the bohemian set in Paris.

Tapu: Holy, sacred, under ritual restriction or prohibition (maori.).

Tena Koe: Maori welcome.

Tipuna: Ancestors (maori.)

Rodolphe Topffer: (1799-1846) Swiss schoolmaster who wrote and drew a series of extremely inventive 'picture stories' admired by Goethe.

Oprah Winfrey: Oh, come on! Don't you *ever* watch trash TV?

Wally Wood: (1927-1981) Cartoonist, one of the EC Comics greats. Three years before he took his own life, Wood said that "working in comics is like sentencing yourself to a life at hard